**Diamond Joe**

Traditional – performed by Guy Clark

Now There's a man you'll hear about

Most anywhere you go,

And his holdings are in Texas

And his name is Diamond Joe.

And he carries all his money

In a diamond-studded jar.

He never took much trouble

With the process of the law.

I hired out to Diamond Joe, boys,

Did offer him my hand,

He gave a string of horses

So old they could not stand.

And I nearly starved to death, boys,

He did mistreat me so,

And I never saved a dollar

In the pay of Diamond Joe.

Now his bread it was corn dodger

And his meat you couldn't chaw,

Nearly drove me crazy

With the waggin' of his jaw.

And the tellin' of his story,

Mean to let you know

That there never was a rounder

That could lie like Diamond Joe.

Now, I tried three times to quit him,

But he did argue so

I'm still punchin' cattle

In the pay of Diamond Joe.

And when I'm called up yonder

And it's my time to go,

Give my blankets to my buddies

Give the fleas to Diamond Joe.